Camilla sat in a precarious position. Figuratively speaking that is. Few people had dealt with the problem she was now faced with, and fewer still even thought it was possible. That made it impossible to get real advice on how what to do. Honestly, she hated this whole situation with a passion for a simple reason; she couldn’t understand why it was so complicated.

No one would understand it either. They only knew the surface, ignorant to the trouble that swirled just below. It, again, shouldn’t have been anything complex. Yet it somehow found ways to keep getting more and more troublesome. How was it so hard for someone to just admit they were totally fucking in love?

That was all she could think about while looking down at the bobbing mane of purple hair. It was normally tied into a strict ponytail, not allowing a single strand out of line, but it had become loose and matted in Camilla’s presence. She adored running her fingers through the sweat and spit drenched locks, knowing they only got that way with her. Even in the most intense matches or training sessions, the ponytail remained clean and rigid. But when Camilla brought out her monstrous member, all that prim and proper sense vanished without a trace to be seen.

It would never get old. That said, something had changed. The feral look in those hazel eyes was dull. Still hungry, sure, and famished for her cock, but they lacked what had first drawn Camilla to prize them above all others. She would have girls of all kinds down on their knees just like this, however she hadn’t sought them out in so long. The last girl to try, some floozy named Heather, just didn’t do it for her.

No one compared to seeing Terri of all people worshipping her cock. Her rival of many years, one of the few people Camilla could rely on to give her a challenge in and out of practice, and someone that had vehemently spoken against her when others only had praise, fulfilled something within. Camilla never considered her an adversary, not in the way Terri did, but there were moments of animosity and it was great to let out all those feelings at first. Then it became something else.

Camilla didn’t want to go after other girls or futanari. Plenty of them all but drooled at her mere presence, ready to throw themselves at her feet if she so much as blinked at them, yet she wanted nothing more than to have Terri destroy her own throat. It only took a few days into their little arrangement for Camilla to realise she had feelings for her team mate.

She just couldn’t understand why Terri was so set against it. The futa clearly loved their meet-ups as much as Camilla, and not just for the sexual destruction that came of it. Even when Terri was too exhausted or full to handle anymore, they just hung out and laughed. No stress over the next game or their relationship, exactly how Camilla wanted it to be.

Then Terri would flip a switch and she’d deny any feelings between them. It didn’t matter that she’d spent multiple nights in Camilla’s bed, or that she’d willingly sought her out for sex, or even that she’d howled, time and again, how much she adored Camilla and her cock. Then again, she definitely didn’t remember those words. Not to toot her own horn, but Camilla was very confident in her ability to get someone drunk on sex. She couldn’t count how many people had forgotten their names after a night with her.

After all that, for Terri to deny it over and over and over was so frustrating. And it had only gotten worse in the past few days. Now, even with her throat wrapped tight around Camilla’s shaft, gagging and slurping as messily as ever, Terri’s eyes were distant. Like she was fixated on something in her mind. She’d done that the last several times.

The only way to bring her attention back down was for Camilla to push her off, then smother the futa in her huge, sweaty nuts. The fact she had to do it herself, however, was unbelievable. Not even a week ago, Terri would’ve cum in her pants at the sight of them.

Camilla grimaced at the surge of passion. It felt amazing to have her sack bathed in spit, massaged by a skilled tongue, and her cock stroked all at the same time. There were days when she thought it’d be enough to make her cum all on its own. Yet the same intensity was missing. What was wrong? Camilla thought maybe Terri was just sick, but then she’d never withhold that from the team. Maybe she got pregnant, but again, that wasn’t something she would hide. If it was for the team, there was nothing Terri wouldn’t do.

So what the hell was wrong?

That question plagued Camilla the whole time. She still came, and in glorious fashion of course, briefly feeling pure elation at the sound of cum gurgling in her rival-turned-fuck-buddy’s tummy, the sight of all the excess bubbling past her lips as she tried catching her breath, and the beautiful feeling of that tongue still working at her prick for every last drop. Then it faded and left her with the same uncertainty.

“See you tomorrow,” Terri said as they departed the campus with their team.

“Yeah, sure,” Camilla wanted to say something more, maybe try and get a rise from the seemingly uninterested futa, but held her tongue. She had a better plan for breaking through.

Terri, meanwhile, felt as if she were locked in a whirlpool of cum with her head just above the surface. It was too thick for her to so much as move, whether toward something better or worse, and its pull refused to weaken even a little. Sometimes, she could barely breathe. Then she didn’t want to breathe and just let herself be pulled under.

She laid in her much too small bed. The boards creaked under the dangerous weight of her middle, but her body was large enough to spread it out, preventing it from shattering. For now anyway. By the time the tournament was over, she’d no doubt need a much stronger and far larger bed. That, or she just got the mattress and slept on the floor. It’d certainly be cheaper and more future proof.

Growing even bigger was just part of her training regimen at that point. Last time she measured herself, she was ten and a half feet tall, though she’d probably grown since that morning. It just didn’t make sense to remeasure herself again, not when her body was pulled down by the huge semi-sphere of cum jutting from her gut. A burp escaped her lips, bringing the flavour of Camilla’s cock and jizz surging back to her consciousness. Oh god, she hated how much it turned her on.

Which made no sense when she liked Camilla. Fucking hell, that still felt so weird to admit! The African-Latina descended futa was incredible, Terri understood that better than most, and more ways than her height or strength or athletic talent. There was also her cock. Her gigantic, five-foot dong that must’ve rearranged Terri’s guts to suit its shape by then. And her balls. She doubted any of those other girls and futanari had a clue just how wonderful they were. So big and heavy, always covered in sweat and in need of a nice, long tongue-bath, with those massive veins all for pumping cum straight into her belly or womb.

“Terri!” Her mother’s voice stopped her from grinding into her cum-bloated middle. She did her best to tuck her cock away, its erection infuriatingly hard given who she was just thinking about, and headed to the landing.

Her house had become increasingly awkward of late. Not just because she’d grown four feet in as many weeks, which forced her to hunch in almost every room, but also because she had to avoid her parents until her belly shrank. Then there was the constant excuses from dinner, since she couldn’t fathom trying to eat anything after being stuffed with a literal ton of cum. She knew they were worried, even if they didn’t say anything, though at least her constant growth assuaged their concerns over malnourishment.

She peeked over the bannister, careful not to let her belly show, and almost fainted on the spot. There, ‘stood’ in her foyer, was the source of all her troubles; Camilla. The worst part was how she hadn’t even changed clothes since their last session after practice. Her woefully undersized shirt clung to her chest like ink, soaked through with sweat, and left her glistening abs on display for all.

In the cheap lighting, she somehow looked even more powerful than normal. Like she was carved from marble, tempered with diamond and wreathed in steel. Yet Terri knew how soft parts of her were to the touch. Not just those unfathomable tits and ass built like a breeding bull. Her hands, her face, her lips. Her crotch.

The gulp Terri made when her eyes travelled down to *that part* must’ve been heard by everyone. Even if Camilla’s shorts weren’t as tight as her top, there’d be no concealing it. The shorter futa only had to glance at her mother to know where she was staring, despite her best efforts. Terri took a deep breath, then nodded for Camilla to come up.

She must’ve been looking for a quickie before she had to put the cock ring on. Hardly a surprise. Terri was a futa too, she knew just how bad it could get. Well, whatever. It wasn’t like she didn’t want a quick release as well.

“Just don’t get too loud,” Terri said once those thumping footsteps reached her room. The door clicked shut, locking them in. Being an only child, she had the biggest room in the house, save for her parents’, but it was quickly filled with Camilla’s aroma. Shameful as it was to admit, even in her mind, the stench turned her on more than anything. By that point, she feared she would only need to catch a whiff of her rival and that’d get her hard.

She climbed onto bed and peeled her pants down, presenting herself like an animal. With her face hidden, she didn’t have to restrain herself as much, biting her lip in anticipation of the furious fucking. The floorboards creaked and her eagerness rose, dripping from her snatch and over her balls. She felt the raw heat coming off Camilla’s crotch, its scent so thick in the room now that she could’ve believed it was a humid summer day. Come on, come on, come on.

Then her pants were pulled back up.

“What the hell? Aren’t you going to…”

“What is it you hate about me?” Camilla asked.

“Huh? I thought I made that obvious before.”

“No, I mean, why do you hate the idea of being with me so much?” Wait, was her voice shaking? That couldn’t be. The Camilla she knew was calm, confident and always in control. Nothing shook her.

“What are you talking… about…?” Terri turned onto her side and looked, finding tears on those mocha coloured cheeks.

“Look, I get it. I’m selfish, I flirt with everyone, I’m a freak of nature. I suck at relationships. I only think about sex and volleyball, which I’m only good at because I’m way too fucking tall now. And you’re right. I’m a shitty team mate that always hogs the ball and steals the spotlight.”

She was babbling. *Camilla* was babbling. Terri never saw or heard anything like it. In all the years Terri knew her, she stood tall, chin up, eyes focused, if quick to change when something or someone caught her eye. Above all else, she didn’t give shit what others thought. Her detractors, Terri included, called her a slut straight to her face multiple times and she never so much as blinked.

And there she was, in Terri’s room, going on and on about all the things Terri had said in the past.

“And I know it’s crazy of me to think you’ll just go along with whatever I want all the time. I mean, you’re so fucking awesome. You deserve someone you’ll actually respect. This was a waste of time. I should go.” She was shaking now. Her lips tried keeping a smile, like this was all just a bad joke, but their trembling prevented that. Worst of all, her body language was that of a virgin on their first night.

Camilla went to leave.

No, wait. That… she couldn’t just show up unannounced and not even fuck her. Worse yet, Camilla showed up and started crying of all things. Her face wasn’t one that should be marred by sadness. She was the pillar of their team. A goliath, a fortress even, that they all relied on. Even Terri.

She liked to ignore them, but there were so many times in multiple games where she’d have fumbled a spike or a set-up if Camilla hadn’t shown up at the right moment. Always exactly where Terri needed her to be. That hadn’t changed with their new routine. The biggest difference was Camilla needed her too.

Terri grabbed the larger futa’s hand. She used Camilla’s weight to pull herself up, while turning the giant back around. With such low ceilings, Camilla had to hunch, which put at the perfect height for their eyes to meet. Those mossy pools glistened with more tears and words unsaid.

But she didn’t want to hear them. Not yet. She’d listen to them all eventually, if they even mattered by then. Instead, Terri pulled the giant futa back toward the bed, forcing her to bend lower, further and further, until Camilla put a knee up. Then Terri closed the small gap and claimed those lips for herself.

It was far from their first kiss. Terri had unwittingly given many of those in their many trysts, or had her mouth taken in the heat of the moment, but there was something unique about this one. Maybe because she instigated it? Maybe because Camilla had shown a side of herself that Terri didn’t think anyone had ever seen before? Or maybe - a *big* maybe - Terri just couldn’t bare to see her feel so down.

This was the only thing she could think of to make it better. Anything she said would’ve been too much. Or it would have the opposite effect.

Terri wrapped a hand around Camilla’s neck, using the other to brace herself as the giant reciprocated. All Terri’s partners had been smaller, her mouth easily dominated theirs because of it, but now she contended with a huge piece of muscle cramming its way into her mouth and beyond. Like it wanted to fuck her throat. She mentally scoffed; even Camilla’s tongue wanted down there.

It felt good though. All the others time this happened, Terri was somewhere between bliss and heaven, her mind barely there. Now she could feel it all so very clearly, especially as Camilla pressed harder, shorts loudly straining with their prisoner. Her taste and presence filled Terri’s world, more and more as they moved fully onto the bed. It groaned under their combined heft. She doubted it’d hold out if they did anything more.

Not that she cared. Camilla’s adamant abs pressed down on her still very bloated, squishy belly, with just enough pressure that Terri felt the cum trying to push up her oesophagus, but not enough to actually do so. A knee found its way between her legs, pressing her balls against her pussy. She bucked against it, juices flowing faster as Camilla’s hands wandered over her body.

What a show-off, Terri thought. It wasn’t enough that her ten-foot frame was completely dominated under this giant, but said giant also had the core strength to remain aloft, leaving her hands free to do as they liked. Whether that was squeezing Terri’s love handles, digging deep into her ass cheeks, or fondling her tits, nothing was beyond reach. Eventually, they settled on tugging Terri’s pants down. She reached down as well, hooking her fingers into Camilla’s sweaty shorts. Just that little opening blasted the condensed musk into the room.

There was only one outcome if she pulled them down even half an inch more. Groaning into Camilla’s mouth, Terri shoved the garments all the way down. She forced her eyes open a tiny fraction and saw the vapours wafting off the much larger futa’s crotch. So dense… she could only imagine the state her rival’s balls were in.

“I don’t get you at all,” Camilla said. She took a sharp breath, then dove back in.

That’s alright. Terri had no idea what was going on in her head or heart anymore either. It used to be that her partners occupied a very small part of her world, none of them able to draw away from her duty to her team. But, at least in the moments where she felt Camilla’s hips lift and pull that fat cock into line, she became Terri’s world. As the colossal head bullied her balls out of the way, Terri pulled away.

Viscous strands of spit connected their lips. Camilla’s looked a little bruised and her tongue hung out just slightly. Her cheeks had turned a warm, caramel colour too. It was the look of someone corrupted by their lust, a face that Terri was sure she’d shown dozens of times already. She’d never show anyone else such an expression. Only Camilla was deserving of it.

The cock kept sliding deeper. Every inch that it trespassed electrified Terri’s nerves and set off a chain reaction, like her whole body was about to explode.She grit her teeth against it. The sensation was incredible, matched only by the pressure needed to spread her that wide. She’d taken this thing so many times, yet her hole never got completely used to it.

She hoped it never would.

Her walls were flush against its numerous veins, pushed and pulled as it slowly thrust into her. The head scraped along her tender flesh, grinding along the most sensitive parts. Her cock throbbed against Camilla’s rigid abdomen, pulsating with pleasure in tandem with her pussy. Terri couldn’t see much past the wall of her cum-gut, but that just made Camilla’s size even more incredible, as she took in foot after foot of it. Inch after inch gradually sank into her depths, the blunt peak barged past her cervix. Even if she wasn’t a futa, her body was so completely tied to Camilla that her womb would open.

Terri trembled from head to toe. A mixture of fear and lust heightened her senses even further. Camilla’s soft gasps echoed in her ears, the heat of breath against Terri’s cheek, the feel of her body all around, the taste of her lips still lingered and, above all, the scent of her sex permeated everything. She doubted it’d ever fully leave her room.

Then she jerked at the feel of cold steel on her lips.

“Sorry. I put it on right before we left and the captain has the key so…”

“No cum,” Terri whispered.

“We can stop,” Camilla offered and tried pulling out, only for a pair of powerful thighs, the only set thicker than her own, to kicked up and lock her into place. Their eyes met and Terri, for a moment, lost all thought. It really wasn’t fair for one futa to be so obscenely stunning.

“We already started. Might as well finish,” Terri said and bucked her hips into the pad-locked cock ring, hissing at the icy touch, “Just because you can’t cum, doesn’t mean I can’t.”

It wasn’t an outright admission of her feelings. Just logic. Camilla waltzed into her room, got all emotional, which made Terri feel bad, so she kissed her, leading to this whole thing. The least the Latina futa could do was take some responsibility.

And Camilla would never pass up a chance to fuck. Even if she couldn’t ejaculate from it. What a helpless idiot, Terri thought as those hips began moving in earnest, sinking foot after foot into her wetness. Abs undulated against her cum-gut, using its size and buoyancy to help the thrusts. Each impact against her cervix rippled throughout the rest of her body, so it came as no surprise when Camilla grabbed her tits.

Among all the stupid amazing things about Camilla’s giant dick, the sight and feel of it bulging through her stomach up to her tits was something Terri couldn’t get used to. She didn’t know how to describe it without sounding horrific, but it really was just the sight of her flesh jutting forth, wrapped taut around a massive shaft, and moving wholly against her will that turned her on like nothing else could. The fact it dwarfed her own dick just made it perfect.

Then again, in that position, she had the perfect chance to try something. Camilla was hunched over, groping Terri’s boobs and massaging them around the protruding tube, which pressed her own chest into the belly. Right above Terri’s cock. It became difficult to manoeuvre as Camilla ramped up to her usual rhythm, bouncing the whole bed. Terri grabbed at her member, only to slip when that futa angled her thrusts just right, setting off another chain of blissful bombs.

It didn’t help that Terri oozed pre-cum at an alarming rate. Nothing made her flow quite like getting pounded by this person. The only other time she got like was when she first discovered masturbation, then edging not long after and decided to take it to the extreme for hours upon hours. Camilla just had to wriggle her dick inside her a few times and Terri was a faucet.

Finally, she got a grip and pushed it up. The swell of her urethra mashed against Camilla’s abs, while the head found itself nestled between those huge, mocha tits.

“If you wanted that so bad, you should’ve asked,” Camilla said, barely out of breath despite her increasing pace. She tipped her head just as Terri bucked into another thrust, prick poking Camilla in the cheek. Another thrust in the same place, then another, until the futa turned and opened her lips.

“Ahh,” Terri groaned. Ever since this whole arrangement, she rarely got her dick wet in the traditional sense. Camilla tried reciprocating all she did for her, but Terri almost always ended up taking. She loved it, but that didn’t mean part of her wasn’t missing out.

They rutted into each other like beasts in heat. Camilla’s fingers mauled Terri’s tits, while they bounced with every brutal, squelching thrust. Then there was the wet slurping of Camilla’s mouth. Her technique wasn’t anything special, but then most futanari didn’t get off on sucking a giant dick. In fact, of all the tales about Camilla’s exploits, none of them involved oral. Most people only needed a moment in her presence to get soaked.

Well, not that Terri was any different now. It was even worse in that moment, seeing Camilla drool over the shaft in her mouth, feeling her lips and tongue massaging in tandem, even the little scrape of teeth as their bodies undulated together. Then Camilla took her by surprise, bending even further, until Terri’s prick knocked on her throat. She gagged, the orifice spasmed and spit erupted from her lips. Then, just like the bitch she was, Camilla looked up and met Terri’s eyes.

It was perfect. Terri didn’t think of holding back and simply let her balls shot off. Her load caught Camilla by surprise, even causing her to stop mid-thrust, while semen spurted down her throat. She wove her hands into the Latina’s scarlet hair. It stood out so brilliantly against her skin, gleaming with a mix of natural lustre and sweat.

“More!” Terri grunted and shoved her down. Her balls clenched up tight, right as she bucked her hips down, pussy squirting at full force, while several inches of her cock vanished down Camilla’s gullet.

So tight! It moved around her too, pushing her cock in an effort to free the airway, but that only made her cum even harder. Camilla’s grip on her boobs tightened, crushing the nipples between her fingers, however she stayed in place. She didn’t even break away from Terri’s gaze.

Then Camilla reared back. No, wait. Terri was still cumming, she was too sensitive for that. Just feeling the cock sliding through her walls felt like it would fry her brain. She sucked in a deep breath, about to say as much, when Camilla slammed home. If the previous thrusts were bombs, this was a nuclear explosion. Terri jerked up, head knocking into Camilla’s, and bent her torso awkwardly around the rigid shaft. That was when Camilla snuck a hand down low, under her ass and between the cheeks. A single finger pushed in.

Terri plunged back into her bed. The boards snapped around her hips, forcing them to drop and rub her clit into the cock ring’s lock. It really was too much! Camilla was just too much! She wasn’t even done, already pulling back to slam down and up once more. Over and over, it continued.

At that rate, Terri would actually break. Her pelvis had to be at its limit. Her womb would never return to its normal shape. Her nerves were definitely fried.

Then a blessing came. Or rather, Camilla did. That is to say, she tried to. Terri recognised the signs just as clearly as her own, feeling the glans all but flaring out inside her uterus, while the urethra bulged even thicker than before, all to deliver a scalding hot, viscous load right into Terri’s baby-maker. A load that never came.

Nor would the next one. Or the one after that and so on. Camilla didn’t let it stop her even a second, pounding hard and fast, if not more so as her balls rapidly filled up with unspent semen. Though she couldn’t see them, Terri knew they’d swollen up, pumping out even more heat from the strain of holding so much. Unfortunately, even Camilla hit her limit.

“You’re so hopeless,” Terri said from atop her rival. She’d switched their positions when it looked like Camilla was about to pass out, riding out the last of the giant’s consciousness. Standing up seemed like a good idea, especially with how much she’d just cum, but that meant loosing this feeling of fullness. And she wouldn’t get to look at Camilla’s sleeping face.

Sweat dripped off their bodies. Plenty of pooled between the Latina’s abs and in her belly button, glistening even under Terri’s shadow. She ran her fingers along Camilla’s body, moving from her abdomen, up to her tits and finally to her face. Even if her feelings for the giant futa had changed far more than she was comfortable with, she just couldn’t indulge like this when Camilla was conscious. Most girls and futanari probably passed out before her, meaning this was a sight very got to see.

Though there was one thing that no one else knew about. A sight that only Terri was allowed to witness, and that was Camilla’s slow growth.

“That’s it,” she cooed and wriggled her hips, feeling those burgeoned nuts slide against her ass cheeks. For every drop of perspiration elsewhere, it manifested ten-fold on the scrotum, which only grew larger as Terri sat upon it, “Grow even bigger. Tower over everyone more. Get so huge you just become a brick wall on the court. But…” She gulped and her pussy shuddered.

“But don’t let anyone else see you like this. Only me. Even if your cum stops making me grow, don’t share it with anyone. I want it all,” Terri leaned back to palm the overripe sack. Another trill ran up her spine when Camilla’s lips parted in an unconscious moan, “And… and if we win next week, against Westwood… I’ll become yours. I’ll tell you exactly what’s wrong with me. But it’s obvious, isn’t it?”

She leaned forward, pressing her stomach as flat as it would, until her face was just a few inches from Camilla’s.

“You’re what’s wrong with me, you dumb oaf.”

Camilla bit her lip as she pulled at her shoes once again. It finally came. The culmination of all her efforts that past week would pay off at least. Or end in crushing disappointment. She couldn’t see how, though, when she last measured at eighteen feet. Her arm span alone made it seem impossible for any team to score.

But this was Westwood. Their last loss was decades ago. No team played with as much efficiency, power or raw ferocity. That said, they weren’t invincible. Camilla had scored multiple times against them, almost single-handed even, but she couldn’t say how things had changed on the enemy’s side.

Then there was Terri. Just shy of fourteen feet, she also towered over the rest of their team, but she hadn’t played in over a week. Her entire goal for the last week was to gorge herself on Camilla’s cum and grow. Not that it was much of a handicap for her. Camilla knew she’d play flawlessly, just as she always did.

“Head in the game, Cammy,” the captain said. Even standing, she didn’t reach Camilla’s eye-line.

“Got it.”

If only she wasn’t so distracted by one violet-haired babe in particular. Camilla never had this trouble before. She’d usually just move on to another girl or futa if she lost interest, but that wasn’t the case there. Camilla wanted her. Call it a shallow desire, but Terri exemplified the figure of her dreams. Strong and fit, able to compete with her in near every category, yet completely over the top in its softness. Even without such an incredible body, Terri was just so… perfect.

Even then, faced with the threat of Westwood, she was focused on the task at hand. Perhaps that was why she’d been so detached the last couple weeks? Camilla had tried asking about it, multiple times, but their interactions had become even dryer than before. They fucked, Camilla left, then returned an hour or two later and fucked again. She’d hoped that embarrassing display back in Terri’s home would’ve had some effect, beyond leaving her even more backed up than before.

“Alright!” The captain shouted, voice bouncing off the walls, “You fucks know exactly what we face out there; MONSTERS! Pure and simple. They won’t hesitate to go for your throat, and neither should you. So, what’re gonna do?”

“Go for the throat!” Everyone answered back, blood-lust in their eyes.

“That’s right! Now get your asses out there and let’s slaughter these cunts!”

Camilla and Terri were the quietest, mostly to avoid blowing anyone’s eardrums. They were the last ones in the lockers, allowing the others out first.

“Good luck out there,” Camilla held up a fist to her team mate. Terri locked at it, then at her face.

“We don’t need it. We just need to play like always,” Terri said and crawled under the door, wriggling her butt to get it through.

“Yeah. Just like always.”

The first wrench immediately made itself known. Westwood’s usual line-up faced them from over the net, each one close to seven-feet tall, except for one. A futa that stood head and shoulders over the others, legs thick with nothing but muscle, and a fierce glint in her eye. She must’ve been a last-minute addition, since she never appeared in the qualifiers.

That said, Camilla wasn’t worried. Impressive as that futa was, she didn’t even clear Terri’s chest, much less Camilla’s hip. With size like theirs, victory was all but assured.

That was how it looked on paper, anyway. In truth, Camilla’s size made it awkward to play. She’d been practising with the team, but that was an entirely different battle than what Westwood brought to them. They struck at every weakness, their new addition providing extra reach where they definitely would’ve lost a point. That said, Camilla quickly got a grip on herself.

She couldn’t move as easily for fear of interfering with her team, but then why should she move? All she needed was to take up position with Terri and wait for the setup, then spike with all their power. Most of it anyway. Given the strength needed to support her body, much less what she cultivated for her favourite sport, she could seriously injure someone. That was how Westwood occasional stole control back from them.

But as Camilla adjusted her output, finding the sweet that couldn’t be returned and wouldn’t ruin any careers, Westwood lost any chance beyond the rare ace on a serve. They didn’t look worried for a second. Like always, their eyes were cold and calculating, like a robot scanning for weakness. As Camilla prepared to score the final point of the set, Westwood served. She watched where the ball would land; an open spot between the captain and one other. It was a place she couldn’t reach due to their positions, making it the only option.

Then pain like few others knocked all the strength from Camilla’s knees. She fell with a deafening thud, stomach roiling, as the volleyball bounced between her legs.

“Camilla!”

“It… it’s fine,” she said and tried getting a leg up to stand on, only for it to brush her testicle, sending another sharp pain right into her stomach. She nearly puked from it.

“You need help,” Terri said and grabbed her hand.

“I’m fine. Just,” Camilla took a deep breath and shoved the pain down, “Let me crush these bitches.”

Unfortunately that blow did more than physical damage. Everyone was concerned for her, their focus off the ball. Even Terri missed an obvious set-up. Camilla wasn’t much better. Her eyes pulled in and out of focus, seeing double, sometimes triple, of the enemy.

This was nothing, she told herself. She’d played with a fractured wrist, a broken foot and a bee sting on her right eyelid. One spike to the balls wouldn’t knock her out. Not when they’d worked so hard for this. If she was alone, she’d never have allowed herself to grow this huge. Everything was so awkward. But the team needed her and, while she wasn’t nearly as excited about it lately, Terri did everything she could to help. Like hell Camilla would let a stupid shot to the nuts ruin all of that!

But two…

Camilla did vomit that time. The impact left her scrotum scalding hot, perspiration pouring off it and down her legs. Its heat spread elsewhere, causing sweat to fall from her face and arms, rolling into the valley of her cleavage, while she tried breathing through the agony. She couldn’t let this be the end. One more point. That was all they needed. Just get up!

Her legs wouldn’t cooperate. When she forced them, she almost fell into her own vomit, saved only by Terri pulling her over. The cold, violet-haired beauty didn’t give her a moment to thank or protest as she was manhandled onto Terri’s shoulders. While one of their substitutes could’ve come on and played out the rest of the set, maybe even won, however their captain had other plans as she spoke to the ref.

“We forfeit this set, however give us a ten minute break to look after our team mate. You saw that last spike, it was on purpose.”

Westwood’s captain tried speaking out against that, but was quickly silenced with a glare. No one could change the ref’s mind once it was made. And so, the first of three sets ended with Camilla dragged off the stage on Terri’s shoulders.

In the locker room, benches were put together and she was laid atop them. No time was wasted in ripping her shorts off. She wanted to comment at how eager Terri was to do so, but just the air touching her nuts might as well have been a steel-toed kick to her gut. Everyone sucked in a hiss of air at the sight, one took a picture and showed her, revealing a sack that wouldn’t have looked out of place against a sheet of red. The spider-web of veins bulged obscenely, like a hundred spindly fingers constricting her testes.

“You’re not playing in that condition,” the captain said.

“It’s fine. Just give me an ice pack and I’ll aahahahahahahahhahh!!!” Terri had done exactly as she wanted, putting an ice pack straight on her sack, and caused the most excruciating pain of Camilla’s life. Worse, even, than being blue balled everyday.

“Nancy, start warming up. We’ve got maybe nine minutes before we go back out. Terri, you’ll need to pull double-duty out there.”

“Um, Captain,” Terri removed the ice pack, eyes downcast at Camilla, “If it’s all the same to you, could you let me try something?”

“Like what?”

“Go out there and stall for as much time as you can. Say your periods are starting, I don’t care. I just need as much time as you can give me.”

“What’re you planning?”

“Just trust me,” Terri snapped, then, meekly, “Please?”

Camilla could’ve counted the number of times Terri had taken any attitude to her seniors on one hand, and the amount she’d done so with the captain on none. That was probably why the captain just blinked and nodded. With a single wave of her hand, the others filed out.

“What was that about?” Camilla asked, trying not to let her pain show.

“Last time you took a spike to the balls, you started growing,” Terri stated and pulled her musky shirt off, revealing her barely-surviving sports bra, “Looks like it’s already started again. The best way to ‘fix’ you, is to do what we’ve always been doing.” The bra came off next, allowing the huge mounds to slap against Terri’s abs.

It was a rare sight to see her with a flat belly, which helped exaggerate just how enormous her curves had become. Especially her hips. Despite the agony of her nuts, Camilla got hard.

“Really? You’re already hard and I’m not even done,” Terri teased, a small grin on her ridiculously soft lips. She hooked her thumbs into her shorts and slowly shimmied out of them, revealing her panties. Well, they probably were panties once. Between an ass like hers, they were devoured whole, leaving little more than the string visible where it bit deep into her flesh. Even the cup for her cock and balls was at its utmost limit.

She walked over to Camilla’s prone form and swung a leg over her waist, avoiding her cock. Up close, Terri’s body was even more infatuating, now that Camilla could really take in how thick her thighs were. She wanted nothing more than to rip those panties-turned-thong off and shove her cock inside.

“This isn’t the time,” Camilla said, “You need to get out there and play.”

Terri shook her head, “We need you more. Especially when I’m through with you.” She sat her ass down on Camilla’s abs, then reached back to touch her balls.

“Fuck!” Somehow, against all reason her mind could conjure, Terri’s fingers weren’t painful. They were nice. Much better than that evil ice pack.

“They’re already so swollen,” the touch turned to a full massage, “Packed with so much cum. But you can produce even more, can’t you? For me?” Terri used her other hand to pull her underwear down a little, letting the scent of her sweat and lust seep out.

Camilla often teased her with how much Terri seemed to get off on her musk, but truthfully, the Latina futa wasn’t much better. The aroma of her team mate’s pussy never failed to get her in the mood, and it was only made better after practice or a hard days fucking. Camilla really had been a selfish lover. She only went down on Terri a few times in the hundreds of times they did it. Sure, she knew Terri loved it all the same, but it wasn’t exactly fair.

“Or do you need a better incentive?” Terri asked, voice lowering more into a husky whisper with every word as she tugged on her panties, wriggled about, then pulled her cock free. That left no barrier between the fabric and her pussy. Camilla was about to say something, when the futa turned around.

The black undergarment looked painted on. It was soaked in sweat and fem-cum, stuck to Terri’s pussy lips, and left nothing to the imagination. What a horrible lover Camilla was, she hadn’t even spent the proper time to take in Terri’s snatch. She vaguely remembered it from their first time, and a few glimpses from the lockers, and it had definitely changed. What had been a typical vagina before, its lips just slightly meaty and inviting, turned into - for lack of a better term - a slut’s hole.

There was no mistaking how experienced Terri was now. Not with average cocks either, but a single, absolute monster of a dick. She gaped open by an entire inch, but the hole was obscured by the folds, which had plumped up, growing out from a labia that resembled two halves of a grapefruit. It pulsed and swelled a tiny bit more, inviting her for a taste. No one in their right mind would ever refuse such an offer.

Her tongue snaked out and swept along the panty-clad pussy. Even with the fabric in the way, she got a clear taste of Terri’s desire. If that wasn’t enough, the moan she coaxed out was more than enough to clarify. That wasn’t all though, as Terri angled her hips to grind into Camilla’s tongue, trying to fully coat it in her fluids.

“Yeah, that’s good,” Terri sighed and rolled her crotch in time with the Latina’s tongue, getting a full lap each time, “Eat my pussy, get horny for it. Make your balls churn up an even thicker load for me.”

What the hell got into her? All week, she’d been near despondent even when Camilla was balls deep up her cunt, but now, with only a few licks and one of the most important matches waiting for them, Terri showed all the eagerness that’d been missing. The only thing she hadn’t done yet, was go down on Camilla’s nuts like normal. Though she certainly wasn’t ignoring them, her hands massaging the taut orbs.

“I can see you growing, you know,” Terri panted as she pressed her pussy down harder. Camilla wriggled her tongue inside, pushing the panties in with her, and groaned deep at the flow of juices into her mouth, “It’s not much, but you’re definitely bigger already. It’ll only get faster won’t it? You’ll start growing entire inches every minute until you make me look like a little brat. Until your dick is taller than everyone on the team. Including me. Until your nuts look like they could demolish my fucking house.”

Truthfully, Camilla had been ambivalent toward her growth. She knew it looked to others like she loved the attention it brought her - and she did, to an extent - and that she was always eager to see how much taller she was every morning. But that was only half the truth. When she first noticed it, in no small part thanks to Terri, she was excited, then anxious over what could become of her after the doctor mentioned cases of futanari growing half a dozen feet. What would that mean for her life? Would she even be allowed to keep playing volleyball?

So much could change all because of a little accident. But Terri made it all better. If mostly because she was so easy to tease as Camilla grew. That indignant look of hers whenever Camilla showed up even taller, then how it turned into reluctant lust as they learned what could make her grow too. Until that day finally came and Camilla slept with her.

After that, Camilla wasn’t sure what to feel. Everyday, Terri seemed hotter and hotter, not just because she was growing too, and the sex only got better as well. Usually, after she got laid, Camilla moved on. Sometimes they were good enough that she stuck around a few more times. Well, over a hundred times later and Terri was as amazing as ever. Love never played an important role in Camilla’s life plan. If it came along, then great, but she wasn’t about to pursue it over casual sex or playing volleyball.

Maybe that was why she didn’t just come out and say it sooner? She was in love with Terri. Or at least the closest thing the Latina had experienced. One problem remained; Terri’s feelings.

The futa had claimed to hate her when this first started, but that gradually stopped. It even looked like they could be friends with benefits. Or more. Then her attitude changed on a dime. Like at her house. Terri was about to do business as usual, until Camilla showed off her embarrassing side, and then they were kissing! Not just kissing in the heat of passion either. It felt as if Terri was trying to comfort her. And the sex! Only to go back to normal the next day.

And then this happened!

Camilla wanted to grab the futa by the face and just shake her. Maybe that’d get her thoughts straight. But there was a much better option, she realised and reached up to hug Terri’s hips, pulling her down even harder. The topping futa’s cock found its way back into Camilla’s cleavage, ripping a lurid moan from Terri, but that wasn’t the target. With a firm embrace, Camilla had the perfect chance to thrust up.

It was the perfect angle. Her cock missed Terri’s face, sliding up between their bodies to meet the other penis, and her balls hit their target. The sore spheres smothered her nose and lips. For a moment, Terri froze. Not even her pussy reacted to Camilla’s continued licks. She almost wondered if she broke the futa.

“I’ve missed this,” Terri whispered into the testicles as her hips plunged onto Camilla’s face, whole body convulsing as she embraced the scrotum and all but snorted their scent.

Camilla yelled in shock, voice stifled by the pussy smothering her, as a deluge of pussy juice erupted around the panties. No matter how many times she experienced it, a futa’s fem-gasm was incredible. Since it didn’t come from a urethra like on girls, it was purely cum, thick and sticky and rich with the stench of their lust. She greedily slurped all that she could, while savouring the feeling of Terri’s tongue lavishing her testes after so long. If it didn’t feel so good, it’d almost be soothing.

But it was a double-edged sword. The more spit slathered onto her sore flesh, the better she felt, which meant her prostate created even more sperm to pack into hyper-productive balls. Now her balls swelled even faster. That meant she would grow all over too.

Terri knew that, obviously, and redoubled her efforts. She found looser patches of skin and sucked them into her mouth, slurping up any and all sweat her tongue could find. The sore, reddened skin glistened brighter with every lick and kiss, and there were a lot of them. For every second Terri had been too caught up in her own bullshit to properly adore the balls she worshipped, she made up for in that moment.

All the while, Camilla felt more of the benches leave her skin as she grew. The futa on top weighed less and less, until it only took a single arm to hold her down. That left Camilla free to finally pull those panties aside. Terri’s bare pussy drooled onto her face, still extra wet from its orgasm, inner and outer labia swollen with lust. It was far too enticing for her to ignore it for even another second.

It felt like it would never end. This was their own little world, each fallen to their desires. Zesty juices overflowed Camilla’s mouth, dripping down her face as she used her increasingly larger tongue to keep Terri on the brink. She only needed an arm to hold Terri place, its hand free to wrap around and palm the futa’s balls. The other limb, meanwhile, groped the extreme scope of her ass cheeks.

Strange how, despite being larger and with a lineage famous for their butts, Camilla was the smaller one in that department. She wouldn’t complain. She much preferred a giant ass she could truly admire, over one that’d make it even harder to buy clothes. But fuck, Terri really was amazing to keep playing with an rear so thick and doughy. Camilla knew first hand how much it bounced and jiggled during physical activity.

Then there were her tits. God, her fucking tits. Just the thought of them had Camilla rocking her hips, sliding her dick between those monumental globes. So heavy and juicy, they were a weight training session in themselves. Remove them and she almost shuddered to think how fast Terri would become. And at the idea of losing such beautiful boobies.

“Hey, uhhh… guys? We bought you another ten minutes, but that’s it. Got it? Okay, byeeeee!”

Terri pulled her face out of the balls with a sound like peeling an industrial strength sticker off plastic, only with far more squelching. Several splats followed, with a smack of something wet on Camilla’s testes.

“Time for the main event then,” the violet-haired futa sighed and pulled her pussy away. It too made a lurid sticky noise, with dozens of thick ropes linking it to Camilla’s nose and lips, “Oh yeah, so much bigger already.”

“I’ll take your word for it,” Camilla said, though she knew what she meant.

The benches felt less and less accommodating to her giant stature. Her shoulders cleared the edges with ease, and her tits hung over her sides like they wanted to pool on the floor rather than her ribs. Further down, her knees were raised much higher thanks to how long her legs had become. Yet it all paled against the vein-riddled behemoth that jutted from her crotch.

The fact it could become so hard it defied gravity was mind-boggling enough. But then there was Terri, who pulled it perpendicular and stood beside it, and could comfortably rest her chin on it if she wanted. Which she did. Camilla bit her lip at the, admittedly silly, sight, but it was so lewd as well. Even taking away the benches added height, for it to reach that point seemed crazy. She just grew to sex-feet the other day.

This had to be closer to seven. Maybe even eight.

Based on Terri’s drooling smirk, she wasn’t intimidated in the slightest. The sounds of their breathing filled the room as Terri pulled Camilla’s legs apart, the knees reaching the lockers on either side, so she could climb onto the benches herself. Her crotch only reached two-thirds of the way up. A subtle moan slipped from her lips as she rubbed her cock against it, then turned around.

Terri was a beautiful futa. No one would say otherwise, but Camilla had to admit seeing her backside was a experience in itself. Not only for that huge dumptruck that could block out the sun, but the fact Terri’s breasts were still visible from behind and with her arms down. It was such an erotic view that she almost didn’t notice her cock being pulled down, angled so Terri could snag it between her luscious thighs. Juices poured down the shaft as her snatch pulsed with untempered want.

“I’m never gonna recover from this,” Terri whispered, lifted her hips up, then slammed her cunt down.

Trained by dozens upon dozens of similar reamings, it opened like always and swallowed the even fatter dick. That didn’t mean it lacked effect. Terri growled as she sank down the first several inches just to take the head. Camilla gasped and moaned for her part, feeling every fold in the canal with renewed vibrancy. She couldn’t say if it was her new size, the injury to her nuts, or seeing Terri’s raw lust once more.

“Who wants you to?” Camilla asked and reached up to get a firm hold on those hips. Terri was anything but chubby. Her arms and abs were the perfect example of fitness in Camilla’s eyes, yet her hips were so soft and easy to hold. She was a walking contradiction it seemed.

“Not me,” Terri moaned and sank deeper, leaning back to rest one hand on Camilla’s stomach, while the other rubbed along her own belly, “I want this cock to be the only one for me.”

Camilla’s brain stalled. What?

“I’m a total size slut, you know,” Terri clenched, like the admission alone turned her on immensely, “Everyone always thought I wanted to be on top. Or that I was proud of my size. Ahh, they weren’t wrong,” she pulled back a few inches, just to drop several more, yelling in the process, “I love being tall. I love having a big body. I love growing. I love… oooh… I love…” Terri wriggled her hips, stirring the cock inside and coaxing a low moan from the Latina, “I love this!”

Like a switch was flip or chains snapped, Terri became someone else. She slammed her hips down with all the force her could muster, her head knocked back by the bulge darting up her torso. It still left a couple feet outside, but she didn’t try going further yet, instead she pushed herself up. The muscles in her legs bloomed, even showing through her plush thighs. Once her legs were straight as possible, she relaxed and plummeted.

Camilla howled at the smack of their bodies. Every last inch of her cock was buried in the tightest, wettest, biggest pussy of her life. A thick ass was mashed against her abs at the same time, its plushness divine and impossible for her hands to ignore. While face-smothering thighs embraced her own hips and a pair of balls rested on her vastly more swollen pair.

“Don’t cum yet,” Terri panted, already bouncing on the giant cock, “Keep growing. Stretch me more.”

“What, fuck!” Camilla couldn’t help but thrust into that ass when it plunged, “What about the match?”

Terri grunted and rolled her hips just right, her tunnel milking the cock for all it was worth, “We’ve got time! I wanna enjoy this. And, hmmm, and you need to back up more. Need you to, ahh, milk you completely. Or else you’ll grow way too fast.”

“Isn’t that what you want?” Camilla dug her fingers into the ass and pulled it into her strongest thrust yet.

“More than anything!” Terri slurred, “Your cock is so fucking big. I can feeling it stirring up my womb and organs. But… but you don’t want it…”

“What if I do?” Camilla asked, holding the futa in place, “What if I wanted whatever makes you happy?”

Terri squirmed in the larger futa’s lap. She didn’t a word, but the way her pussy slurped on Camilla’s cock said more than she ever could.

“We could just forfeit the game,” Camilla whispered, forcing herself to sit up so she could whisper into Terri’s ear, “Stay here for as long as you like. I don’t mind being edged if it’s you. We can fuck like this until my balls are full to bursting. Think how fast I’d grow then. I’m already like twenty-feet. I could reach thirty. Forty. My cock could literally be bigger than your whole body.”

Terri whimpered, “No. Then I couldn’t do this.”

“You say that like it’s normal to fit a seven-foot cock inside your body. What’s a few more?”

“Good point.” Terri writhed in place, the tower bulging past her head shifted with her hips. Just past it, Terri’s balls barely covered a fraction of Camilla’s increasingly swollen pair.

“And you’d grow too. Everyday. Because I wouldn’t even think of putting my cum anywhere but inside you. We’d be so busy doing it, that we wouldn’t think of anything else.”

Terri sucked in a shuddering breath, “No.”

“Hmm?”

She reached back to wrap a hand in Camilla’s hair. The Latina was nearly twice her size by then, body easily dominating hers in everything but curves. It truly was a spectacular sensation to be so enormous, yet she couldn’t silence the doubts. She was giant, in every sense. Her room had become almost unbearably snug, its ceiling no longer allowed her to stand straight, and would only be worse now. If they didn’t finish soon, then she might not fit into her home at all.

“That sounds so fucking hot,” Terri said, still moving her hips and breathing heavily, “You’d be so big you could pick up the captain in one hand. But what kind of life would that be? And you’d definitely have to give up volleyball.”

“I know.”

Terri pecked her cheek, “I don’t want you to be giant *and* miserable. So come on, don’t hold back and empty those huge cum tanks into me. Every. Last. Drop!”

With her last word, Terri pulled Camilla around into a desperate kiss. The kind that would leave their lips swollen for days after, with a tongue so eager it went down Camilla’s throat, all while that pussy rippled in glorious waves. Camilla glanced up; the roof in the lockers was abnormally high. Just enough for her to try something.

Still locked in the kiss, Camilla wove her arms under Terri’s legs and stood. Amazingly, Terri wasn’t the biggest weight to contend with. That honour went to her balls. The things had blown up while she was distracted, each far bigger than the volleyballs outside, yet their size wasn’t the greatest shock. Their density was insane. She could tell just from how they sat on her thighs, the skin was completely taut, pushed to its limit and beyond, and the testicles themselves might as well have been steel. Every second only added to their weight.

That wouldn’t stop her from fully fucking Terri in a full-nelson. Already plenty warmed up, she went full force the second her stance was set, thrusting up into her willing captive. Both yelled into each other’s mouths. The new position let them both feel the other’s sex even better than before, like their bodies were engraving the others every facet into their souls.

“Harder,” Terri slurred against Camilla’s lips, tugging on her hair for emphasis. The Latina obeyed, scrotum swinging pendulously like a wrecking ball. Every thrust resulted in a ear-piercing slap of flesh on flesh. The noise became wetter and wetter as Terri’s juices gushed whenever the cock pulled out.

“Harder,” Terri repeated, biting into Camilla’s bottom lip. She obeyed. The clap of their bodies sent Terri’s tits bouncing everywhere, until a pair of dark hands snapped onto them.

“Harder!” Terri, again, commanded and kicked both feet into the Latina’s egregiously bloated balls. Camilla grunted hard, returning the painful pleasure with a sharp pinch of Terri’s nipples.

“Harder! Harder! Harder! Fuck my cunt up! Make it remember your cock! Make me yours!”

A deep, guttural churning noise blanketed the room. Camilla’s hips were a blur, but they’d be even faster if her testes weren’t so fucking heavy, but their extra heft allowed her to give Terri exactly what she wanted and more. Her abs clenched hard, helping make an even deeper impact as Terri’s ass clashed with them.

“Close!” Camilla gasped, mind barely able to conjugate a single word.

“Do it!” Terri wailed and ground into her rapid thrusts, “Inflate me until I can’t move!”

That was the final trigger. Sweat flung from their bodies as Camilla ramped up even further, completely forgetting that she was supposed to play a game after that. All her strength and stamina went into doing exactly what Terri asked. She would fuck her cunt up, make it remember only her cock, and make Terri hers. Those words called to a primal side of her, one that took full control as the orgasm encroached.

And she only continued to grow the entire build-up. The bulge in Terri’s torso towered over both their heads. Its girth actually made it resemble a third leg, with veins ranging from the size of her pinky, to an average penis. The urethra fattened to match one of Terri’s arms, gliding along her walls of her pussy and womb as it prepared to inundate her in Camilla’s seed. The violet-haired futa had avoided pregnancy despite how often she was filled to bursting with sperm. Her birth control really was something else.

But even that might not be enough to save her that time. Not with how densely packed Camilla’s sack had become. Cum boiled within the balls, some of it even bubbling up her shaft before she reached the climax. The two futanari moaned, yelped and squealed into one another’s lips, their kiss turning increasingly sloppy as their senses were drained into their respective releases.

Then both separated and, for an instant, stared into their eyes. Camilla saw herself in the hazel depths, her own eyes glowing with the imminent bliss. Their faces were red, lips swollen and bruised, tongues half-out like a pair of bitches in heat. Spit clung to their cheeks and chins, with more hanging between their lips.

“Fill me up,” Terri said and returned to the kiss, but with less desperation than before. She bucked her hips and arched her back, using every muscle to make Camilla cum.

She didn’t need to. One more thrust and the Latina was flung off the edge into a deep ravine of pure ecstasy.

“Hey guys, you really need to wrap up in… here…”

“Let’s go crush some bitches,” Camilla said. Her clothes barely fit, their elasticity put to its absolute limit, but she just about passed for decent. That wasn’t the most obvious thing about her, however. It was her face, the determination that smouldered in her eyes.

Or rather, it was the most important part of her, until she stood up in the main arena and revealed to all just how far above them she was. Physically speaking of course. Westwood’s faces fell at the sight of her. It was difficult enough for them to deal with her when she was at least four foot shorter, now her reach spanned the entire court and her body itself made for a near-impossible miss. Worse yet, based on how her crotch bulged, her balls were protected much better than before.

Any hope of their victory had been siphoned and used to grow the giant even further.

Terri smirked from the door, leaning heavily on the nearest stand. Her legs could barely support the sheer enormity of her gut, even as its contents constantly drooled from between her legs. She hadn’t bothered putting her shorts back on, and only put the minimum effort to stuff her tits into a shirt, leaving part of her areolae on display. It was a look that screamed she’d been well and truly fucked just moments ago. Anyone with half a brain would know it was Camilla’s doing too.

She didn’t care anymore. Aside from it being the final key to their victory over Westwood, she wouldn’t allow anyone to think they had a chance with Camilla anymore. That giant, freakishly strong volleyball player was all hers. It wasn’t up for discussion.

The game resumed. Westwood complained about the complete imbalance of it, seeing as they were figuratively slaughtered, unable to land a single point while Camilla and the others eliminated picked them apart with brute force. Indeed, all strategy was made redundant when a literal giant was in play. None of the referees said a word. Partly for fear of what Camilla could do, but largely out of sheer awe at the size and power on display. Even Terri was captivated by how her team-mate moved to notice that set come to a close.

Just one more and the match was theirs. Unfortunately, that set gave Westwood a chance to analyse Camilla, discerning her movements were still a bit sluggish from her mind-splitting orgasm just minutes earlier. Not that they knew that part. It still gave them an opening to score some points. The longer the game went, the less of an impact Camilla’s body had on the officials as well. Terri saw them talking amongst themselves, pointing to the giant futa with disapproving looks.

They needed to win fast. If Terri were on the court, she could help. Cover for Camilla’s weaknesses, but with her stomach inflated to the size of a pony, she’d be more of a hindrance. Still, there had to be something she could do. Some way for her to give them that final edge.

“Camilla!” Terri shouted.

Her voice carried over the crowd and reached the giant. Her heart jumped when Camilla turned and immediately beamed upon seeing her.

“Win and I’ll… I’ll…” Everyone was looking at her now. Even the referees. If she said this, then there’d be no going back. Her cheeks burned hotly as they murmured about her body. She couldn’t look up, not when she thought of what they were probably saying about her. Except, she had to. This wouldn’t work if Camilla didn’t wholeheartedly believe her.

So she raised her head and found the Latina staring straight at her. It wasn’t the like the others, who only saw her body with a mix of second-hand shame, awe and desire. Camilla looked into her soul and enveloped it, massive body a perfect shield from all her worries.

Terri sucked in a deep breath, “I’ll be your girlfriend!”

It, admittedly, might’ve seemed like nothing. The team already knew they were having sex, even ordered that they keep doing so. Everyone else probably guessed it from the instant they saw her. Only an idiot wouldn’t think they were already together.

Well, Terri was that idiot. What of it? She was fixing the fact now and that’s what mattered! So long as it had the effect she needed. It partly worked, since everyone was left in silence.

“Really?” Camilla asked, voice monotone.

“Y-yeah.” Terri rubbed at her belly, refusing to meet those oaken eyes, “What? Got a problem with that?”

Camilla shook her head, then cracked her knuckles, “You’d better keep to your word. Oi! Westwood! Hurry and play so I can crush you.” Her words carried such weight and such power that, for the first time in their entire history of play, Westwood players flinched. And that all but sealed their fate.

The final point was scored. A crater was left in the middle of Westwood’s tattered formation. All voices were silent. No one knew what to think or feel in that moment. No one but the Heroic Lupus team, who cheered and high-fived one another. Camilla lifted the whole team in one big hug.

Terri remained by the door. She’d had enough attention from her earlier display to last a lifetime. She didn’t people to see her waddling with her cum-gut.

Unfortunately, one futa wouldn’t let her stay away. Camilla zeroed in on her like a hawk and rushed her, steps thundering across the floor. Terri tried backing away, shaking her head and hands to deter the giant, but there was no denying her. Not anymore. Once again, all eyes were on Terri. The fourteen-foot futa was lifted without so much as a grunt from Camilla, who wasn’t even phased by the cum that spurted out from her grip. She only had one thing on her mind that Terri could see and, while it mortified her to let it happen so easily, she wouldn’t refuse it.

The two giants smooched in the mostly silent venue. Hundreds of eyes were on them, but they vanished. There was no room for anyone else in their world. Terri could almost even ignore the splatter of cum down below.

When they separated, clarity flashed in her mind. There really was no turning back now. She openly said she was Camilla’s girlfriend now. All the spectators would no doubt talk about it, likely spreading plenty of rumours about her cum gut too. And yet, strangely enough, Terri wasn’t concerned with them. Or what her team thought of it. Or how her life might change going forward.

She had Camilla.

“Alright alright ALRIGHT! Listen up!” The captain said from upon the benches, “Tonight is a night for celebrations. Pure and simple. My suggestion? KARAOKE!”

Everyone roared with applause. Except two.

“We’re too big for anything like that,” Camilla said.

“Yeah, think it’s best we do something else,” Terri added. She could have fit if she crouched low enough, but there was no way Camilla would be comfortable in such a place.

“Oh, shit, yeah. Sorry about that you two. Well, I’m sure there’s something else.”

Camilla quickly shut down the idea, “Don’t worry about us. You guys go sing your hearts out. We’ll find something to do together.”

Terri gulped. She couldn’t have been the only one to hear the implications in her voice, could she? Based on the looks passed among the team, no. No, she was not.

“Well, if you insist,” the captain shrugged, “Well then, everyone but those two, let’s go!

In a matter of moments, the victorious atmosphere faded into nothing as they filed out and left Terri and Camilla alone. Now what? Terri wasn’t sure how to act or feel in that moment. They’d just beaten the best team in the state, she’d basically confessed how she really felt for Camilla, and the brutal training regimen would finally come to an end. The load inside her may well be the last one that made her grow.

Really, she should be happy. It was everything she’d wanted for the last couple weeks. All the stress lifted from her mind. Now she could focus on actually practising for the next matches. Camilla probably wouldn’t even think anything of them being girlfriends. Knowing her, she’d just move on within a couple weeks.

What then?

“Come on, let’s go,” Camilla said. She was on all-fours to squeeze under the door, already halfway out, but she’d awkwardly turned to offer a hand to the much smaller, yet still huge, futa.

“Sure.”

Terri had no idea what to expect as they entered the open. Most people had already left, which offered no way to distract herself from the fact she held Camilla’s hand. The size difference between them made her seem like a dwarf, something that should’ve embarrassed her, but instead only made her feel warm in the most infuriating of places. She didn’t offer any say in where they went, merely following Camilla’s lead.

The silence eventually became too much. She had to say something. But what? Terri hadn’t spent much time around Camilla outside of sex and practise, during which her mind was usually elsewhere. Anything they discussed was lost in a sexual fog that she wasn’t eager to revisit just yet.

“There’s a park nearby,” Camilla said, breaking the silence first.

“Y-yeah. I know the one.”

“I love it there,” Camilla said, “Especially this time of day. Most people have left and it just leaves me with my thoughts. Wanna go?”

“Sure,” Terri said. With a destination in mind, their pace picked up, though it was still hampered by Terri’s waddle. No matter how wide her hips, how long her legs, or how strong she was, there was just too much weight in her middle to move quickly. They still vastly outpaced any of the more normal sized people in their path. A few even ended up between their legs when there wasn’t a better option.

Strangely, the silence wasn’t as bad now. Terri even found herself focusing on something else. Like how Camilla’s hand felt on something other than her boobs or ass. It was huge, covering her hand with ease, and radiated a sense of security. Even if Terri weren’t powerful enough to knock out a mugger one-handed, she’d feel safe with Camilla around. But she didn’t feel just safety around the Latina.

The musk Camilla radiated was impossible to ignore even in the open air. It was diluted, but only enough that Terri didn’t feel herself constantly on the brink of erection. Really, she kept it down thanks to the constant reminder that she was in public. That didn’t stop her from intermittently rubbing at her crotch with a well placed stride. Or leaning into Camilla for a deeper sniff.

What a hopeless pervert you are, Terri thought at herself. Not like she hadn’t realised that ages ago.

The park was, as Camilla said, empty. It was a fairly open area, with trees spread out for shade and benches placed between them. The few other people around were little more than blips in the distance. While most didn’t talk about it, Terri had heard plenty about couples using the place to hook up in public. She glanced at Camilla as they headed straight for a bench.

“Ooh, I didn’t think I needed this so bad,” Terri sighed once the weight was off her feet. She had to spread her legs to accommodate the hulking mass of her gut. The flow of cum had dwindled since they left, her shorts helping keep it inside, though she assumed her body was trying its best to be a pain. She wiped the sweat from her brow.

Camilla sat on the grass next to her.

“Sorry. I’m taking up the whole bench.”

“Nah, don’t worry about it. This way we’re more even. Well, about as even as we’re gonna get I think,” Camilla chuckled, using a hand to exaggerate how far apart they were.

Terri bit her lip, “We’ll see how long that lasts. I’ve probably got enough of your cum packed in to catch up.” She shouldn’t have said that. Not in that way. Oh god, why didn’t she feel as horrified about saying that as she should’ve?

“I’d like that. Wouldn’t wanna get lonely so high up here.” The Latina leaned back on her hands, still a good couple feet taller than Terri, and looked to the sky. Light pollution kept most of the stars from view, but a few were still visible, as were some of the lights from passing planes. Camilla stretched a hand up toward them.

“Think if I got hit in the nuts a few more times, I’d be able to reach up there?” She asked.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Terri said, “You’d have to grow taller than skyscrapers. At that point, I’d never be able to reach your hand. Let alone get taller than you.”

“My hand? Thought you’d be thinking about my cock.” Camilla teased and lowered her hand to place it on Terri’s belly with a soft smack.

“I’m not that big a pervert.”

“Hmm, but you totally are. It’s on of the things I love about you.”

“Am not! I don’t… wait, ‘love’?”

“Hmm,” Camilla nodded and shot her a side-eye, “There’s a lot I love about you.”

“Yeah…” Terri gulped, “Like what?”

“Well, like your drive. The fact you just go for what you want, at least when it’s *that* important to you. I even kind of love how you’re such a stick in the mud half the time.”

“I’m not a stick in the mud. I just... doesn’t matter. What else?”

“The fact you don’t give up.”

“That’s the same thing.”

“Yeah, but, like… I mean… like when you kept trying to beat me back when this all started. You didn’t give a shit that nothing worked. You wouldn’t let it stop you. That was awesome. Then there’s the fact you work so hard. Sucks to admit, but I just don’t try very often. Even when I like something I just don’t really bother,” Camilla looked down.

“So… you kept doing better than me without trying,” Terri said. Those words were perhaps the worst thing she could hear. She’d been outdone by Camilla when she wasn’t even trying. Well, that tracked at least. So much of what the Latina did seemed so effortless, like how she turned Terri from a hard-worker into a ball-slut with just a few seconds of exposure. Or how Camilla lifted her up, despite the huge cum-gut, and kissed her without a care for everyone else.

“I think the first time I put any real effort into anything since I started college was… Nah, forget it.”

“No, tell me.” Terri demanded. Camilla couldn’t just give her hope that she at least made the Latina try a little bit.

“Well, I only started trying after we slept together.”

“Huh?”

“It’s cheesy, I know!” Camilla groaned, “But ever since then, I want to make sure you feel as good as possible whenever we’re together. Like, you helped me so much, you have no idea. I didn’t want to grow at all really. Maybe a few inches here and there, but nothing like this. If you weren’t around, I think I’d have gotten all depressed or something about being like this. And just imagine how much bigger I’d be if you weren’t draining me so often. I might’ve actually been the size of a skyscraper!”

“But because of you,” Camilla leaned forward, pulling her knees up and burying her face in them, like some kind of shy girl confessing her crush, “I kind of like it. Well, I like that you like it. Then there was seeing you coming out of your shell for me. Okay, I know it wasn’t *for* me, but you were still coming out more. I liked getting to see new sides of you. Never would’ve guessed you’d be so kinky, Terri.”

Terri thought about shooting down something so ridiculous, but there was no way she could do that. Not anymore. She’d proved how kinky she was time and time again, even if it was mostly just the one fetish for Camilla’s big, sweaty balls. Come to think, the Latina hadn’t showered after the match. She’d just wiped herself down with a towel, but it hadn’t touched her privates.

“But the thing I love most about you…” Camilla leaned over, so her breasts rested beside Terri on the bench. They were magnificent really, however they hid the real treasure. She was so focused on them, that she nearly missed the feel of Camilla’s breath on her ear.

“My body?” Terri asked.

“Close.” It was a whisper, one that caressed Terri’s lobe and seemed to reach into her skull, massaging the part of her brain that handled arousal. Wetness poured between her thighs, soaking into the shorts, while her cock tried breaking through. Camilla pulled on her shirt, jiggling her tits and wafting her scent over.

“Then what is it?” Terri could barely breathe. Rather, she couldn’t bring herself to exhale. That was how fucking *good* Camilla smelled.

“That feral look you get in your eye when you get a whiff my cock.” The way she said it, like she was being the most endearing, loving partner alive, juxtaposed how… monstrous Camilla really was. In technique, in how she carried herself, in her musk.

“It’s not that… I don’t get… feral…” That *stench*. Oh fuck… Terri was fixed on the Latina’s breasts, trying to will herself to see past them. It did mean she had enough of a view to see Camilla’s arm moving around, then heard the snap of a waistband, followed by a fresh burst of her nose-burning scent. It moved again, with more of that smell shooting up.

“There’s that look,” Camilla said and sat up to remove her shirt, filling the calm air with the smack of her boobs falling, “Aren’t they amazing? I always thought about doing an OnlyFans if volleyball doesn’t pan out. Think I could do it?”

Terri nodded, not really paying attention anymore. With the shirt out of the way, Camilla’s boobs were free to pour over her ribs and reveal the path along her abs, down to the incredible pelvis she possessed, which framed the barely there shorts painted on. A thumb hooked into the waist and pulled. Right as Terri got a glimpse of the cock she rode not even an hour ago, Camilla let go.

“Nah, they’re a bit plain.”

No they weren’t. Terri may have been enamoured by one particular part of Camilla, however she wasn’t blind. The Latina’s complexion was uniform across her body, leaving her boobs a glowing, caramel colour that most girls and futa would be drooling over. It was unfathomable to think of them as plain.

With the height difference between them, Terri didn’t even have to try and she could pull one up to her lips. She hadn’t noticed she moved over, though she didn’t care. She opened wide and sank her teeth into the supple breast, immediately moaning at the salty flavour. It was so powerful, she barely caught the hint of peach body wash Camilla used. Her tongue ran across every inch of tit in reach, lapping up the perspiration, while she moved her head to find more. The best part was when she came to the underside, a veritable den of flavour.

“Here I thought you only liked me for my balls.”

Terri shook her head, moaning around a mouthful of flesh. She moved back up, leaving the underside bathed in her spit, and stuffed her mouth with a nipple. Sex was amazing. She’d be lying if she said it didn’t play a big part in why her opinion changed. That wasn’t all that made Camilla amazing to her.

The nipple popped free of her lips, darkened by how hard she’d sucked on it. Terri looked up, finding those terrifyingly beautiful eyes waiting for her.

“You’re ridiculous. You do things just because. You invited me into your room when I was clearly out of my mind, then fucked me until I didn’t have one left. You outshone me at every practise, in every match, and you even started outgrowing me all of a sudden,” Terri squeezed the breast hard, though it didn’t so much as make the giant wince, “You’re so frustrating because you can just *do* things that I can’t. Like back there, you made me call myself your girlfriend.”

“I didn’t do that.”

“Then you beat Westwood single-handedly and, without thinking about me, just came over and picked me up. You kissed me in front of everyone.”

“Um… sorry?”

“And now we’re here in this park,” Terri shuffled over to get a grip on the other tit, “Alone at night. No one around to see us. Or stop us. After you went and made me so fucking horny.”

“We can…”

Terri pushed the boobs up to stifle the rest of the sentence.

“Now you’re teasing me and making me even hotter. I feel like everything I do to stop it is pointless when I’m around you. Which, I guess, is kinda, sorta a, um, kink of mine,” Terri wanted to stop there. Her cheeks burned so hot, she feared that her face would explode, but she had a few more words to get out, “It’s why I love you.”

“Huh?” Camilla blinked at her, like she’d just blacked out.

Terri gulped. She dropped the breasts and straddled the giant, pressing her gut into those marble abs. Everything about Camilla was so warm, a perfect cure for the cooler air, especially the furnace beneath Terri’s ass. It melted all the doubts, all the pride she once clung to, while filling her up with one thing; lust.

“I love you,” Terri said and kissed the much larger futa. It would always be surreal to have her lips so completely smothered in another’s pair. Her tongue didn’t stand a chance. Everything about her was so meek and small compared to Camilla.

It didn’t matter how big she became, how strong, or how confident. She was always second to the Latina.

Powerful arms wrapped around her and squeezed tight. It was like sinking into a molten sea as Camilla’s breasts squished into her, while those hands explored everywhere they could, squeezing her own boobs, her belly, her hips, before settling on her ass. The flesh had just enough resistance to force Camilla to really squeeze deep, making it clear just how much power she wielded.

Terri’s own hands were far from idle. She had one between their bodies, kneading a breast while mashing a nipple against her palm. The other hand wove into Camilla’s scarlet hair, pulling her closer, as if to melt into her. A familiar sound sent tingles up and down Terri’s spine, that being the gurgling from the two behemoth testes beneath her. It even drowned out the smack and slurp of their lips and tongues.

“Are we really gonna do it here?” Camilla asked.

“Isn’t that why you brought me here?” Terri moaned and dove in to pepper the Latina’s neck and shoulder with kisses.

“I honestly just thought it’d be nice to sit down and relax for a bit. But, now that we’re like this, may as well, right?” Despite her lucid words, Camilla’s breathing was uneven, her heart raced and a fresh layer of sweat formed between her tits. One whiff was all it took for Terri to hone in, mashing her face into Camilla’s bosom.

“That’s as good an answer as any I guess,” the Latina moaned and arched her back, giving unrestricted access to her boobs.

It didn’t take long for the attention to affect their bodies in other ways. Terri was first to get hard, her cock finding a tiny opening in her shorts to stretch down and out a leg. With such a tight squeeze, it quickly became uncomfortable, forcing her back. She needed to remove them, but couldn’t bring herself to release the gorgeous tits just yet. Camilla, fortunately, already had fingers down in the waistband. Slowly, the shorts slid down with a lurid squelch.

Terri gasped once her prick was free. The shaft leapt up and smacked her chest, then flopped forward to land between Camilla’s tits. A relieved sigh turned to a deep moan as the Latina stroked her boobs along the member, using a mix of sweat and pre-cum to lubricate the way. It wasn’t Camilla’s cock, but the raw scent of a prick still swirled all around Terri, inciting her to do something she never thought she’d try; sucking her own dick.

“Oh god, that’s so hot,” Camilla groaned, “Let me in too.”

Terri pouted around her cock. It fit so easily in her mouth, completely different to Camilla’s own member, and offered its own distinct, yet similar, flavour. Hers was softer too, allowing her tongue some actual movement. On top of all that, it felt amazing. She only sucked on the head and some of the shaft, but the feel of her tongue - and *knowing* it was her own - while its taste saturated her mouth was simply incredible.

Then again, to feel Camilla’s mouth back on it… no, better.

“We can share,” Terri moaned and pushed herself up higher, bringing the tip level with Camilla’s chin. They leaned into it together, heads butting, before turning to the side and kissing the glans together.

Camilla covered more area, her larger mouth allowing for more, but Terri wasn’t far behind. Between the brutal kisses earlier and her much more sexualised growth, her lips were plump enough to reach across her girth and meet the giant’s own. Terri kept her eyes open, staring back at the oak irises that seemed to warm her just by looking. They were kissing each other around her cock.

As if she needed anymore things to bring her closer to orgasm. Then Camilla smirked and looked to each side. Terri followed, frowning in confusion, then noticed she couldn’t see the futa’s arms. The instant realisation showed in her eyes, Camilla made her move. It wasn’t anything dramatic; she simply shoved her own shorts down, but its effects were immense as her cock jerked up and smacked into Terri’s balls. It swelled faster, forcing the scrotum up and out of the way, allowing the shaft to brush against the futa’s lower lips.

That was all it took. Terri humped against her team-mate, breaths coming faster with every thrust, while her pussy ground along the always growing shaft. Pre-cum spilled down her shaft, thicker and faster by the second. She pressed into Camilla, their nipples finding one another. The two went as low as their heads could reach, then raced back up as Terri’s balls clenched and her urethra bulged. Their lips and tongues played across the head, with Terri gasping louder and louder.

Her cock found its way between their breasts, basking in the sensation of four huge boobs feeding it pleasure. The futanari palmed each other’s tits, their crotches moving in sync with one another, while gazing at one another. Until Terri couldn’t handle it anymore. She tried holding it down as long as she could, but there was just no stopping it.

She clapped a hand over her mouth at the last second, just barely muffling a blissful howl. Semen erupted in a long, uninterrupted, messy rope that splintered in many strands. Camilla gave a breathless giggle as the droplets landed on them, followed by the heavy splat of the first rope across her face. The next rope caught a breeze, leading it to land upon Terri next.

While not nearly as thick or plentiful as Camilla’s, Terri’s load was still far more prolific than the average futa, more than enough to cover their faces and tits in her progeny. All the while, her pussy sprayed the burgeoning cock trapped below, its shaft extending straight out behind her.

“You look so sexy covered in cum,” Camilla said.

Terri’s cock spewed a weak tirade of semen, dribbling down its length and between their combined cleavage. She panted heavily, arms slack and legs weak, supported only by Camilla’s arms. Her head flopped forward, dripping semen, which the Latina leaned in and licked up, but didn’t swallow. Once her mouth was full, she picked Terri’s head up and kissed her again, sharing the dense load. Terri moaned as she was encouraged to swallow her own seed. Though Camilla took a hefty amount for herself.

“My turn?” Camilla asked. She didn’t get a verbal answer, but Terri’s actions spoke volumes as she sank away from the giant, chest down and ass up. It was the perfect position for her to press her face right into the roiling cum tanks. Nearby street lamps caused the sweat to gleam off the turgid sack, which only highlighted just how dark the skin had become, almost an onyx black compared to Terri’s cum-dripping face.

Their appearance was secondary. Terri took a deep breath, practically snorting up their musk, and nearly came again. It didn’t how much cum she doused herself in, nothing she did could possibly override such a powerful scent. Her pussy clenched wetly. She didn’t consider herself as having a breeding kink, but there was no denying what her body felt. One sniff of Camilla’s ball sweat and she was ready to bend over and beg for a baby. A second sniff and she all but felt her ovaries swell with desire.

It was a deep, instinctual need to have Camilla’s load bubbling away inside her womb. Maybe someday. Terri had a far more pressing hunger. She shoved herself away from the balls, strands of spit and sweat roping her to the egregiously taut skin, and looked to the hulking shaft. She hadn’t processed the cum yet, leaving her the same size, but Camilla had only grown since the lockers. Terri kept one hand on the balls, massaging them for a still thicker load, while she felt along her neck.

A shiver ran down her spine at the thought of how tight it’d be stretched. Her jaw would be put to its absolute limit, to a point where anyone else would’ve either broke or quit before they even started. Best of all, that huge, spongy head would be reaming her insides from throat to stomach. It could even fuck her guts if it wanted.

Her hands palmed her tits as she shuffled away, until she could pull the cock down and aim it at her lips. From there, she only had to obey her depraved wants. It was an agonising process to squeeze it in the first time. Her mouth just wouldn’t open wide enough, requiring a change of tactics. Such as to pull on her cheek and try hooking it onto the glans. When that failed, she trapped her lip where the mushroom tip met its foreskin, but that didn’t work either.

In that case, brute force was the best way. It took several attempts, most of which had her making out with the cock for several seconds, before she finally forced her jaw to stretch enough and take it. Pussy juice spurted all over her thighs as she crawled forward a mere inch, but it was enough to have the bell-shaped head hook past her teeth. Her own dick just didn’t compare.

Terri couldn’t move anything from the neck up, save for her eyes. Even her nostrils wouldn’t obey, permanently flared to snort as much of Camilla’s deliciously rancid musk as possible. The only thing she could do was gulp, but even that was a challenge with her face so distended with cock. Several feet away, Camilla reclined in the grass, lazily beckoning her by massaging those gigantic balls.

“Nothing beats your mouth, Terri,” Camilla said as the futa crept ever onward, “Or that look in your eyes. Come on, come to my huge, aching testicles. They’re full of cum, just for you. Every last drop for your empty tummy. Then I’ll give you the real thing and stuff your womb so full that we’ll need a truck to get out of here. How’s that sound?”

Terri groaned and dragged herself forward, ripping deep gouts in the park. Her neck distended. The bulge of Camilla’s cock trespassed deeper until it hit her sternum, then barged its way past, into her oesophagus proper and, soon after, stuffed her stomach to the brink. It pressed on her womb from the inside. Semen oozed out of her pussy, trickling down her thighs.

Gagging and choking and eyes leaking, Terri continued. No matter her experience, or her determination, it was all worthless in the face of such a massive unit. Just the way she wanted it.

The veins pushed on her skin from the inside. Her heartbeat was drowned under Camilla’s. Everything in her body was under the larger futa’s by that point. Without the massive cum-gut dragging on the ground, Terri might’ve been lifted by the cock alone. Just imagining it had her gagging with greater lust, eyes rolling. Whether she was fourteen-feet, six-feet, or even if she was bigger than Camilla herself, she’d be completely at her mercy. That’s just how Terri wanted it.

She rejected it so many times. She couldn’t be such a kinky futa, not when her volleyball career was so close at hand. There was no time to indulge in wanton desires. She had to train, study, make sure she represented the team at all times. Then came Camilla who, almost literally, fucked those thoughts out of her head.

“Feels so good,” Camilla moaned, stroking herself at the base. Even hands as big as hers looked puny by comparison, “Your mouth is the best, Terri. I’ve had dozens of girls do this before, but they’re not even close to you. They all just wanted to get right to the fucking. None of them had those beautiful eyes.”

If she wasn’t already red with effort, Terri would’ve blushed. That wasn’t dirty talk so much as an outright compliment and praise. It worked though. She heaved herself onward, inch after inch stretched her belly even further, pressed on her womb so hard it forced cum to spray out her pussy. But she got to her more immediate goal as Camilla’s hands wrapped around her skull. They looked at each other for a moment of relative silence, then Camilla yanked.

As hard as Terri pushed herself, she could only manage so much by herself. With another, stronger futa to help, she was slammed to into Camilla’s tidy, sweaty patch of pubic hair. A sinus-searing musk saturated her nose and compelled a violent, squelching squirt from her snatch. Her own cock jerked up as well, spewing a weak rope of cum.

Camilla held her there for several seconds. Breathing wouldn’t be an issue for a while longer; Terri had plenty of stamina and more than ample lung capacity to handle it.

“I hope you’re ready,” the Latina whispered, wiping a tear from Terri’s cheek, “There is one thing I adore about getting bigger, and that’s testing out my larger cock on the best suck-slut in the world.” Terri scowled at the phrase, “Sorry, but it’s true isn’t it? I can hear your pussy going wild back there, and your cock hasn’t stopped drooling this entire time. And that’s all because your face is in my crotch right now, with several feet of *cock* stretching out your insides. Your heat is all around me. I can feel your heart beating against me.”

Camilla stroked her hair, pulling any loose strands out of the way, “I don’t think I’ve ever felt this close to someone before. I’ve been balls-deep in a lot of girls and futanari, but they don’t compare. I think… you’re the one I’ve always meant to be with.”

Her grip tightened and Terri moaned. She couldn’t understand Camilla at all. Here they were, in one of the most lurid moments two people could possibly be in, yet she was opening up. For the moment anyway. Terri had been in this position too many times not to recognise when her team-mate was about to unleash pure debauchery. She brought her hands up and dug her fingers deep into Camilla’s ass, squishing through layers of fat to feel the densely packed muscle. It pulled away from her reach.

“If you need me to stop…” Camilla began, then smirked and rammed forward.

Terri gagged and the sound of heavy, viscous fluids echoed through the park. It wasn’t just the cum in her womb being forced out, but also her bubbly spit overflowing her mouth. Her nose butted against Camilla’s crotch, inundating with that smell once more, then she was moving back. Every impact sent ripples of bliss through her impaled body. Her belly rubbed into the grass, however that was slowly replaced by spilled cum.

Rungs of saliva formed between Terri and the Latina. It bridged her cheeks to the crotch, lips to the cock, and chin to the beautifully swollen testicles. While Camilla didn’t look to be struggling, more sweat gleamed on her skin. It followed the striations of her muscles, the curve of her breasts, down every crevice of her abs, and finally along the veins of her sack. Terri was pushed too far back to grab onto Camilla’s ass, but her balls were huge enough to reach.

“I knew it,” the Latina gasped, “You’re a total slut for my cock and balls, aren’t you?”

Terri had no way of denying it. Nor did she want to. What was the point? Just as Camilla had said, she was getting off on sucking this giant dick, and it only got better when she started fondling its testicles. As she was pushed back in preparation for another face-slam, Terri pushed herself down instead. Her throat convulsed and spewed a mix of pre and saliva.

“Yes!” Camilla moaned and sped up, “I fucking love this. Hmm, move that tongue. And those fingers, yes, massage my balls. They’re so tight and heavy with cum. It’s for you. All for you, Terri. Do you want it? My load?”

Terri couldn’t nod or shake her head, only go back and forth. But she answered the question by slurping extra loud, then enunciating her gags. She lifted the balls up, making sure they pressed into her neck as Camilla’s fat cock carved its shape into her. When she heard the giant moaning louder, she added as much of a twist to her downward stroke as possible.

“You’re the best! Oh fuck, even if someone could fit my dick in their mouth, they couldn’t compare. Oooh, you’re making sure a mess of your face. Look at me, babe. Hmmm, you look amazing like that.”

Maybe a month ago, Terri would’ve thought it was sarcasm. That this hulking futa was mocking her. But she knew better. She could tell through how the cock throbbed and twitched, how its urethra bulged, that every word was genuine. Pre-cum gushed from its tip and into her belly, gradually replacing what her womb lost.

“Getting close,” Camilla warned, “Fuck, this feels so good, I don’t wanna cum yet.”

In that case… Terri increased her pace, her saliva production, the force of her suction, and how tight she squeezed the balls. Each one would’ve been enough to tip Camilla over the edge, but with them all at once, the futa had no chance.

“Fucking bitch,” Camilla laughed, then bucked into the cock-slut’s lips. She was held in place, acting as nothing but a wet, living fleshlight for the futa to thrust into, but she wasn’t helpless. Terri groped the testicles even harder, treating them the way another futa would handle boobs. It had another effect though, as she brushed them across Camilla’s pussy and clit.

“I can’t stop!” Camilla howled and pulled her hips back far as they could, balls falling from Terri’s grip. They hung between her knees for a moment, then shot up, leaving a small flap of scrotum hanging. Vibrations went through, seeming to awaken the veins as they bloomed like dozens of roots, with two swelling especially large. As they grew, Camilla’s urethra also burgeoned and the glans swelled as if to lock them together.

Then the deluge started.

Terri had felt it dozens, even hundreds of times. Those were similar, yet very different. The sensations were familiar, how the cock got even hotter with scalding sperm on its way to flood her belly and guts, but it felt new. She wasn’t just focused on the cock anymore. She was looking at Camilla’s face, seeing those lips part in a lurid ‘O’ shape. Her eyes stared back, full of pleasure and adoration.

“Take it all,” Camilla whispered and slammed her crotch into Terri’s face one more time, right as a literal flood of jizz erupted.

Terri held onto her ass, feeling it clench, while her stomach was inflated for the umpteenth time. Her belly sank to the ground, fought with her uterus for space, while her whole body was warmed from top to bottom. She gulped loudly, making sure Camilla heard her. The Latina gasped and panted, whining whenever she shot out another burst of progeny-rich jizz.

As if the flood went straight through her, waves of cum erupted from behind Terri with every spurt. Her pussy clenched to hold it in, yet was powerless against the pressure as her belly inflated more and more. Instead, it only helped force more out the longer Camilla filled her. The stronger the flow, the better she felt as that gooey semen surged down her tunnel and drenched her folds.

It continued on and on. Terri didn’t relent even a second, making sure Camilla pumped her full, even as it emptied her cunt as well. Of course, her belly only had so much capacity before the load took the path of least resistance; back up her oesophagus. She retched when she felt it hit the back of her throat, causing small streaks to explode between her lips and the cock. That wasn’t enough. The pressure built even higher until it found another path out her nose.

Camilla saw that and began pushing her away. Terri tightened her grip on the balls, earning another jet of semen right into her belly, but it was a futile battle. Not only was Camilla stronger, but the lack of oxygen and pleasure had robbed Terri of her own strength. With all the cum and spit bubbling up her throat, it made pulling out easy.

Much as Terri wanted to try and contain it all, the moment she fell forward and felt the spray of hot cum all over her back was an indescribable pleasure. It soaked into her hair as well, guaranteeing that she was marked as Camilla’s. As if she wasn’t already.

Within moments, a pool of semen gathered around her. Terri pulled a hand from the cum, silently adoring how hard it was to do so, then lifted her head as she hacked up even more into the dense goo. Camilla’s cock hung over her, weakly spewing more seed. Even as she coughed up the stuff, Terri turned her face up to it and held her mouth open, moaning at the fresh taste.

“That was incredible,” Camilla said, wringing the last few drops from her cock.

Terri wiped the worst of it from her face, in case it got in her eyes, and pushed herself onto her back. The motion sent more jizz up her throat, but she just let it happen as she took in the tremendous weight of her belly, and the sheer scale it had taken on. Just about anyone would immediately think she had a world-record pregnancy.

They looked at each other from across the massive dong. It was still hard, drooping only thanks to its mass, ready to go again at a moment’s notice. Terri spread her legs, cock jerking at the thick, wet sound of cum slurping and breaking. She lifted her balls up to reveal her pussy. All their time together had left it gaping, with fresh semen drooling over its folds to mix with the load that had fermented inside her.

“We’re not done are we?” Terri asked, gazing up through her eyelashes.

Camilla shook her head, cock lurching, “Nowhere close.”

But they were for the moment, thanks to the untimely interruption of a cop.

“Hey! What’s going on over here?!” They yelled and rushed over, probably unaware of just what they were walking into. Terri looked down at herself, realising just how much she’d let her sense of decency slip. It was hopeless. Her shorts were basically ruined and she was covered in cum. Great, now she was going to be arrested and this was how she’d get her mugshot. Camilla stepped in front, then squatted down to obscure her from view.

“I’ll take care of this,” the Latina said with a wink. No matter how crazy her body or confidence, Terri wasn’t sure her rival could beat the law like she did Westwood, but she was grateful.

“Stupid brats, you can’t just… do that… in… public.” The cop’s lecture petered out as they approached. Terri peered around the other futa, noticing it was a woman. That might just give them a chance, assuming she was affected by Camilla’s musk.

“Sorry officer. We just had some big news and wanted to celebrate. Maybe we got a little ahead of ourselves,” Camilla exaggerated her chuckle, emphasising how powerful her lungs were while also jiggling her tits. The cop’s eyes followed the nipples as they bounced.

“That’s no excuse,” the officer snapped, trying to regain some control.

“I know, but surely you can understand why my girlfriend was super excited to get on me,” Camilla said and arched her hips.

“Holy shit, yeah. Huge as that thing is, I can’t just let this slide. You’re both under arrest for…”

Camilla didn’t have to say anything to cut her off. The officer, who wasn’t a small woman by any means, seemed to shrink as the volleyball prodigy rose to her full height. Terri looked between her legs as their interloper visibly gulped. A confusing mix of fear and lust clouded her face. She didn’t even think of reaching for her gun, if anything her hands twitched toward Camilla’s hulking flaccid cock.

“Walk away and we’ll do the same,” Camilla said. She didn’t deepen her voice, but levied the natural huskiness to make it darker. It was definitely meant as a threat, but Terri’s body didn’t see it that way, as her pussy dribbled with lust.

“Sounds good,” the cop squeaked, tilted her head, “Evening ladies.” And walked away.

Camilla turned, a hint of annoyance still on her face, and sank low as she extended a hand. A ring of light hit her just right, giving her the visage of a vengeful angel. It also highlighted the glistening of sweat and mostly fresh cum on her muscles. No wonder the cop was so quick to flee.

“Come on, let’s go somewhere private. Then we can finish properly.”

“Uh huh,” Terri nodded and took the hand, feeling for all the world like she was just a helpless girl in the face of this overwhelming futa. She leaned into Camilla as they walked. The weight in her gut was immense and forced her into a waddling gait. Fortunately, it extended far and low enough to cover most of her crotch.

It took so much of her concentration to ignore the fact Camilla was equally bare. Every little gust of air blew the Latina’s scent into her face, which tested her self-control in not getting erect. She might have failed if they didn’t arrive at Camilla’s house a few minutes into their journey.

The behemoth futa led her into the garage once more, only this time it felt different. She wasn’t tricked, nor was she there just to drain Camilla - she was still going to, but it wasn’t her mission so to speak - instead, she’d willingly walked into the den of the beast. Then Camilla surprised her further, but sinking low to kiss at her neck and wrap her in a hug, breasts pancaking against her back.

Enormous hands found her own and guided them low. Terri gasped at the sting of teeth on her nape, then moaned as their hands worked to stroke her member to full hardness. Once she had a good rhythm, Camilla left her to jerk off, reaching up to grope her instead. The hands were all but lost in her bountiful chest, sinking deep and bullying her nipples to add still more pleasure to the experience. Camilla turned her head to catch Terri’s lobe between her teeth.

It was so lewd, yet nowhere near as debauched as usual. Terri was *just* jerking herself. Camilla was *just* squeezing her tits and nibbling on her ear and neck. Yet it felt incredible. The muggy heat that wafted from the giant saturated Terri’s sinuses, while her back sparked with the feel of nipples digging in. Then there was the touch of a gigantic ballast between her legs, rising to press into her balls. It didn’t get close to her pussy, yet she felt its heat so clearly.

Camilla slowed her groping to pay closer attention to the nipples. When her fingers vanished into the boobs, the nubs were crushed and rolled by her palms, but then she’d grab them in both hands and squeeze them like a cock. Terri arched her butt into the futa, all but sitting on her cock now. She stroked her own shaft faster, pre-cum cascading from its tip and down the length.

The breaths in her ear were eventually drowned out by the sticky, slick jerking of her cock.

“Are you close?” Camilla whispered huskily, releasing one breast to grab Terri’s base.

“N-no, not yet.”

“Hmm, but you are,” Camilla gently raked her nails over the veins, “I can feel it building fast. You’re going to cum nice and hard for me, aren’t you? Spray it all over my room. I want to see a mess and think of you instead of how big and hard and uncontrollable my own dick is.”

Terri whimpered and changed to short strokes around her tip.

“Is that what gets you off? Me talking about my giant cock? It’s really fucking big, you know? Like, these things,” she hefted Terri’s breast, “They don’t compare. How many pounds do you think your boobs weigh?”

“No idea!” Terri gasped, racing toward climax. The sensation of her breast being groped formed a circuit with her cock and pussy, their pleasures feeding into one another.

“I’d wager a hundred easy. But my cock,” Camilla flexed her member, lifting Terri’s balls and brushing them against her clit, eliciting a sharp squeak, “Last time I weighed it, it came in at two hundred,” she pressed her lips to Terri’s ear, “Flaccid.”

Terri jerked up and almost head butted Camilla. With her neck so exposed, the Latina happily peppered it in kisses, then latched on and suckled. The gentle sting, mixed with the sudden intense squeeze of her breast and the rampant stroking of her cock, sent Terri off the deep end. Cum bubbled in her sack, swelling it slightly, before the orbs pulled tight and launched their load up her shaft. She jerked fast as it approached her peak, then bucked into the release.

Time and sense melted into nothing. One moment, she was cumming all over Camilla’s room, and the next, she was on her back at the bottom of the bed, legs wide with a giant, purple cock-head nuzzled up to her folds. She rolled her hips atop it, soaking the tip in her juices, before their eyes met and Camilla pushed. By appearance alone, their bodies seemed entirely incompatible, yet they’d almost literally grown for one another.

It still took multiple attempts to wedge an opening, but once Camilla had it, she only had to put a little power into a thrust. Then Terri was filled once more. Her flesh distended right away, forced to stretch just for the tip, and it only got worse the deeper Camilla went. It soon disappeared into the enormity of Terri’s abdomen and popped past her cervix. The head pushed on her belly and jizz bubbled past her lips, but that just meant she got to taste it as her body was stuffed full of dick.

Then it pressed past the belly, stretching her flesh to the side. Terri shook with ecstasy, pawing her tits to incite Camilla to give more. It worked. The Latina stepped closer and closer, until her huge body dominated Terri’s vision. Only a few more thrusts later and their crotches connected with a splash of Terri’s juices.

“You’re so beautiful,” Camilla said and folded over the mountainous belly, its squishiness moulding into the abs. Their faces came within inches of each other, feeling one another’s breath on their flushed skin. The vastly larger futa moaned as she arched her hips, dragging her cock through Terri’s constrictive cunt.

“And you’re still annoying as hell,” Terri laughed, then wailed as a whole foot of cock punched back into her, “Oh fuck! You’re so good! So fucking hot and sexy and gorgeous and big! I love it! I love you! So fuck me harder hmmmph!”

Their lips connected. As their tongues rolled across one another, their bodies fell into sync. Terri pushed down into the mattress, making it groan in protest, then bucked into the powerful thrust. Fem-cum splashed each time they connected, only becoming thicker and more prolific as time passed. Likewise, Camilla’s pleasure manifested in pre-cum spilling into her womb.

After a while, Camilla moved her hands to Terri’s ass and lifted her up, using the new position to thrust faster. It pressed harder on her most sensitive parts, while also pressing her belly into the Latina, who pressed back just as hard. Terri tried saying something about the cum about to spew from her lips, but Camilla didn’t release her. So, she just let it happen. Semen raced up her throat and into her mouth, yet the Latina only moaned as it entered hers.

Terri’s stomach shrank as they fucked. Most of it dribbled down her face, but a decent amount found its home in Camilla’s belly, softening her abs and bolstering her lust even greater. To the side of them, Camilla’s cock bulged past their heads, rising and falling with dozens of dense veins visibly swelling. All too soon, Terri noticed the signs of climax in her lover.

She didn’t have the breath to say anything. Every inhale was dense with Camilla’s musk, too thick for her lungs to handle, and the constant thrusts only knocked out what little air she had. But she didn’t need to speak. Camilla knew exactly what she wanted as her pussy convulsed, milking the shaft for all it was worth. Terri’s own cock throbbed between their plump bellies, both almost as soft as their breasts. Intermittent jets of cum streaked across their chests and chins.

Camilla pulled up from her lips to let her breathe. It looked like she wanted to say something, then decided not to when their eyes met. For the first time since they met, they were in sync about something other than a love for volleyball. Terri wanted all that cum to inflate her and Camilla wanted to give it all.

Their bodies folded into one another as Camilla went into a feral state. She bit into Terri’s neck and all but growled as she pounded at her pussy. The bulge of her cock sank and jumped faster than the eye could see, stirring up all the cum Terri had been stuffed with. Her body made lurid sloshing sounds as they moved toward a mutual bliss.

The bed creaked beneath them, just one part of their salacious mating. Terri whined and squealed as she was stretched, silently willing her body to be permanently distended by the giant futa. Meanwhile, Camilla had regressed to a beast, grunting deep in her chest, the reverberations passing into Terri. If not for the difference in complexion, their bodies were pressed so tight that they were near-indistinguishable from each other.

“Terri,” Camilla groaned, not slowing at all.

“Do it!” Terri whined, clinging onto the giant with all four limbs, “Fuck me and fill me up!” She was so close to her ultimate peak. There’d been several moments of release since they began, however those were just stopgaps on the way to the precipice, an orgasm that promised to overshadow all others. She dug her teeth into Camilla’s shoulder as their pace ramped up.

Then it finally struck. Terri clawed at her lover’s back, feeling the urethra bulge inside her pussy. It throbbed so powerfully that, if not for Camilla’s weight, she’d have been lifted off the bed. The pleasure intensified at the heat of her cum gushing up. Their breasts and bellies were squished flat against one another, arms coiled around each other as if to hold on for dear life.

But nothing they did could’ve stopped the inflation. Camilla’s first jet erupted with as much force as ever, forcing Terri’s skin to distend so far it smacked into the wall, before the molten jizz flowed back to the base of her womb. A second eruption did it again, coming fast and heavy, swelling her abdomen out and pushing Camilla back. The two allowed it, taking the chance to gaze upon one another.

Camilla was sight to behold. Her eyes were wide, blazing with lust, while her lips parted and she let out deep breaths. Beads of sweat rolled down her cheeks and fell from her nose, some of it mixing with the semen they’d spilled while making out. A sea of Terri’s cum dripped from her chest, off-white and juxtaposed against her caramel skin and the cocoa nipples. Her cum was the perfect cream filling. Terri would’ve laughed if she wasn’t so close to cumming.

All it took was a swift thrust between Camilla’s eruptions to plunge her into those depths. Her pussy convulsed so powerfully that it forced the rest of her body to move with it, using her entire being to milk Camilla for more semen.

Not that she needed to help. Camilla somehow always forgot how incredible Terri looked when impaled on her cock and inflating with cum. The sheer amount was enough to push her tits up, pronouncing the already huge bosom, which slid together from all the cum pumped across and between them. They framed Terri’s sharp face, similarly doused in jizz. It was a hot view, but Camilla was most taken by her expression.

Her eyes were wide, pupils seeming to pulse with every spurt of semen. She gulped between shots, then let out a long, breathless moan like she’d just been given the best massage of her life. At the same time, her nostrils flared. When they constricted with her inhale, her eyes rolled slightly, like the mere scent of their combined orgasms would put her under. She always came back down, though, and always found Camilla’s eyes once more.

Terri inflated to greater heights and girth with every second that passed. Soon, her womb was large enough for her to comfortably lay upon, almost sufficient for Camilla to as well, but it wasn’t done by a wide margin. That said, the peak had passed and both could think clearly again.

“You’re such a tease,” Camilla said, “Making me worry about you not being into me, then you come out and say I’m your girlfriend.”

“I didn’t say that,” Terri panted, held at the edge of another release by the constant inundation.

“You might as well have. In front of the team and our fans no less. It’ll be all over Twitter by tomorrow.”

“Fine,” Terri looked away and bit her lip, “It means they’ll know you’re mine.”

“I’m yours?”

Terri nodded, then twitched with a particularly strong influx of cum.

“How’re you gonna prove it? You’re the one that smells of my cum and balls all the time.” Camilla smirked at the indecision in her gaze, and delivered several swift thrusts. They were all it took to loosen Terri’s tongue.

“I’ll suck your dick in front of them! I’ll prove I’m the only one that can do it. That’s how!”

Camilla kissed the popped out belly button of her lover, then delivered an open-hand slap. The belly jiggled like a world-record bowl of jelly, which shook the cum around her member and milked another burst of jizz.

“And I’ll smother myself in your balls,” Terri moaned, eyelids fluttering, “I’ll soak myself in your ball sweat so everyone can just smell me and know who owns you.”

“Won’t they just think I own you though?” Camilla asked, rubbing the slowly bloating belly.

“Hmm, that’s right,” Terri smacked her lips and sank into the bed, “I own… you…”

Camilla shook her head as the futa drifted off to sleep while still swelling. She couldn’t blame her. It had been a long day for them both, though Terri definitely took the brunt of the mental strain. Even the Latina felt the effects. She leaned into the mountain of a belly she’d created, listening to the sloshing of her thick seed, and the soft breaths of her girlfriend, letting them soothe her to sleep as well.

It didn’t last long. What felt like seconds after she drifted off, she woke up to the feeling of Terri’s mouth on her balls. She forced herself to sit and look, just to make sure, where she found those bestial eyes locked on her cock. That was a look of possession. Well… Camilla couldn’t think of anyone she’d want to own her giant sex more than Terri.

And it wasn’t like she couldn’t return the favour. Camilla reached down to Terri’s head. The instant she touched, the futa’s gaze softened. It was no less feral, but the ownership had passed, like she’d given it over to Camilla. That didn’t stop her from going to town on the balls still.

“This will be our lives together, won’t it?”

Terri slurped on the scrotum as she pulled away, until it came free with a wet pop, “Long as your balls are full, it will be.”

“So that’s a yes.”

Terri smirked and went back to her favourite pastime.

-- Epilogue --

Heroic Lupus University took the championship with little to no trouble that year. The team celebrated together this time, finding a place that could hold their giant members, and it culminated in Terri doing exactly what she’d said in a lust-drunk state, sucking Camilla’s cock and suffocating herself on the Latina’s balls in front of everyone. It wasn’t entirely her fault; they dared her to do it.

However, shortly after this, people of their stature were banned from play. It couldn’t be helped, as they provided an overwhelming advantage. Depressing as it was, the winds of change were in full effect as the secret to Camilla’s growth found its way into public knowledge. Futanari from across the globe tried it. Many only succeeded in damaging their testicles, others managed to grow a few feet, but nowhere near the twenty that Camilla gained by the end of the year. Only a few achieved such a feat.

However, they weren’t the only ones to grow. Their cum took on the same properties, causing development in others that ingested it. Soon enough, dozens of volleyball players were left unable to play due to their stature. Their voices, and those of the community, forced the introduction of a new league; Amazonian, available only to those above ten-feet.

Naturally, at Heroic Lupus, Camilla and Terri were named captains for this new league. Despite the injury wearing off, Camilla continued to slowly grow and her cum maintained the same properties. Terri imbibed on it daily, keeping pace with her former-rival-turned-lover. When their fresh crop of Amazonian freshmen appeared, she welcomed them with a special smoothie, one rich with her love’s jizz. Everyone else that did the ‘ball-challenge’ lost its effects after a time, but Camilla retained them.

In the first season, Westwood retook its loss, thanks to their own impressive crop of Amazons. They held it in the second as well, but barely. By the third, Terri’s plan had reached its apex. Everyone on their team was above thirteen feet, with Camilla measuring close to thirty and Terri coming in at twenty-two. Their size alone would dominate, but their skill was nothing to scoff at.

They cleaned out the championship that year, then the year after, thanks to their ever growing squad of Amazons. Alas, the time came eventually for them to graduate college and move into the professional world.

Terri sat astride her lover, slowly sliding her pussy along the titanic cock she’d become so smitten with years ago.

“I’ve been thinking,” she said and pecked at one of her lover’s breasts.

“About?” Camilla asked, lazily running her fingers along Terri’s backside.

“Well, I’m clearly better at coaching than you. We destroy when we play together, but I think you could do it on your own.”

“Maybe,” Camilla smirked, “So, what, you wanna start coaching instead?”

“Kind of. But there’s something a coach can do without impacting a match.”

“What’s that?”

Terri folded over, nudging the cock aside to press her lips against Camilla’s ear, “They can get pregnant.”

Camilla’s cock instantly lurched and separated them, her hands digging into Terri’s rump, “You’re serious?”

“Stopped taking my birth control a few days ago. It’ll take a little longer to work its way out of my system, but… yeah, I’m serious. I want to have your babies.”

“You have *no* idea how much that turns me on.”

“Easy there. It’s a big choice to become parents. If you think you’re not a thousand percent ready, then you’d better speak now.”

“I’ve been ready since we first got together. I remember wondering if you were on the pill or not, then I decided it wouldn’t matter. Whatever happens, I’d be there for you. Of course, you were a total bitch at the time.”

Terri smirked and leaned back on the custom-sized, extra reinforced bed they’d built together, “Then what’re you waiting for, futa? Pump a litter into me.”

Camilla playfully growled and did just that. What had started as the most agonising injury of her life, became the catalyst for true happiness. She smirked as she attacked Terri’s breast, already imagining them filling with milk; she already had a great life lesson for their children.